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GOLDSMITH, GRAY, BURNS
AND OTHER
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY POETS



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STANDARD LITERATURE SERIES

GOLDSMITH, GRAY, BURNS

AND OTHER

ROMANTIC POETS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

COMPLETE CHARACTERISTIC SELECTIONS

EDITED WITH BIOGRAPHIES, NOTES AND HINTS FOR
TEACHING



UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PERIOD.

THE literature of any period consists of the books written during that period. These books are apt to be about the subjects that the people of the period are interested in, and they are apt to be written in the style that suits the period. So, though in any period there may be one or more men of genius who set a fashion of their own, we are generally able to find some qualities that belong to the literature of the period taken as a whole.

(When you read the following poems, most of them will probably strike you as "old-fashioned." Poems nowadays are not generally written in lines all exactly ten syllables long, as are the "Traveler" and "Deserted Village." We do not speak of young girls as *nymphs*, or of young men as *swains*. We write poetry now without mentioning that we have "kindled incense at the Muse's flame." But these same poems seemed to the people who read them little over a hundred years ago as a wonderfully new departure—as the "new-fashioned" poetry. Let us see what it is that was *new* in them, and what they retained of the *old*.

The poetry that preceded these poems is called *classic*. It was written by scholarly men who took great pains to follow certain Latin and Greek models, and who cared much about the *manner* in which they expressed themselves. In the eighteenth century the chief poet of the classic period is Pope, whom you will read in another volume of this series. Lowell, an American poet, calls Pope's ten-syllabled line the "rocking-

horse" measure. These classic authors often packed a great deal of good sense and philosophy into one of their couplets, but not so much feeling. Their poetry sounds as if they had written out essays and turned them into couplets, and indeed that is what even Goldsmith did.

Many of the poets who followed Pope were very much influenced by the *forms* of the classic school, but they put a new *spirit* into their poetry—the modern spirit—the same spirit that fills the poetry of our own day. Because these authors were enthusiastic, full of interest in nature and in love, full of admiration for all that is beautiful or wonderful, they are called *romantic poets*. Because they are linked with the past in form and with the present in spirit, their period is sometimes called the *transition* period of English poetry. But, as might have been expected, the new thoughts demanded new forms, and so you will find the "rocking-horse" measure abandoned by several poets for various metres, some of them even suitable to be set to music.

This new spirit of the romantic poets arose partly from the events of the times:

1. A spirit of democracy arose. There was much talk about the "rights of man" and the "common brotherhood" of man. You will find these sentiments best expressed in our own Declaration of Independence, written during this very period.

2. One of the greatest religious revivals the world has ever seen occurred in this period, in the birth of Methodism, and even those authors who took no part in the revival were somewhat influenced by it.

3. A great interest in the old songs and ballads of *the people* was awakened, and the writing of love songs became popular.

4. A strong love of nature developed during this period—a fondness for country life, and a desire to describe the beauties of wood and vale, of mountain and river. The classic poets

had put in natural scenes as backgrounds for human figures; the romantic poets filled reams of paper with the scene, often adding the human figure only as a feature of the scene.

5. As an outgrowth of this interest in nature and of the broader sympathy with man which distinguished the period, arose a tenderness towards animals and plants, and so we find Burns writing to a daisy:

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stour
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

And Cowper declares:

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

You will find it interesting to look through the poems in this collection for evidences of these features of the new face that the literature of the romantic period showed the world.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

No specific method can be given for the teaching of any literary selection in any special grade of school. You must consult the requirements of your course of study, and must fit the work to the needs and capacities of your pupils. The teaching exercises given after the longer selections in this volume are, as their name implies, merely "suggestions" of one way in which the difficult task of familiarizing young students with good adult literature without disgusting them may be attempted.

I. The notes are intended as aids in simplifying the poems.

They need not be memorized, but should be freely used in class. In assigning a portion of the poem to be read for the first time, have any additional unfamiliar words looked up by the pupils. If there are so many of these as to make this first reading drag, give more notes yourself. You are a better judge of the amount of help needed than any editor can be. The main value of having pupils make notes for themselves is not that they should find meanings for words—they have been able to do that for years—but that they should learn to find the *right* meaning for each word *as here used*—a valuable exercise of judgment, leading to an intelligent understanding of one element of style.

II. Make the second reading of each poem more rapid than the first, and let it be for the purpose of answering the questions given and others which may suggest themselves. Some of these questions may be given for thought in preparation for the reading; others may well be discussed impromptu during the reading.

III. The third reading may be done out of class or silently in class. It is for the purpose of enabling the pupil to write the suggested daily theme. These themes should be short, and originality of treatment should be encouraged. But their main purpose is the training of the pupil to the use of language suitable to his subject. A village churchyard does not require the same descriptive adjective as the Swiss Alps. If one is "grand," the other is not.

IV. The introduction which precedes these hints is intended for the teacher's reading *before* the selections are studied, and for the pupil's reading *after* they are studied. A comparison of selections and authors for the sake of verifying or refuting the statements made in the introduction will unify the students' knowledge of the period.

V. The biography of each author should be read *after* his work has been studied. The work adds more interest to the life than the life gives to the work.

VI. The pupil ought to leave each selection with a pleasant taste in his mouth. Stop—or improve—any exercise, based on good literature, that “bores” your pupils.

VII. While your pupils may be wearied by too much attention to detail, you will find that the closer your familiarity with each author’s work, the keener your appreciation of its virtues.

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GOLDSMITH, GRAY, BURNS,

AND OTHER ROMANTIC POETS OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

GOLDSMITH was born at Pallas, in the central part of Ireland, on November 10, 1728. His father was a clergyman and his elder brother became a clergyman, so though neither of them was very well-to-do in the world, it was natural that Goldsmith should have been destined for one of the "learned" professions, and received a good education. The only real drawback to his education was his own careless character. He was clever enough at studying, although not in talking ; but he could not manage to go easily through the regular course of things that ordinary men find not so very difficult. At Trinity College, Dublin, the educational center of Ireland, he quarreled with his tutor, neglected the studies he did not like, got mixed up in riotous disturbances, left the university for a time on account of some disgrace, and finally managed to take a degree.

At the age of twenty-one his prospects could not have been brilliant in the eyes of his friends. He himself, on the other hand, was most cheerful and light-hearted, a charming companion, and full of agreeable affection. He agreed easily to the plan that he should go into the Church ; but unfortunately, when he applied to the Bishop for ordination, he was rejected. He consoled himself with thoughts of tutoring, but as soon as he had saved a little money he was carried away by the idea of going to America. Of course he did not get very far, and in a few weeks reappeared at home. A kind uncle proposed the profession of the law and provided funds. Goldsmith started cheerfully for London, but lost all his money by gambling on the way, and was shortly at home

again. His family must have been in despair. His uncle suggested medicine, and Goldsmith, of course, agreed. Here he actually made a beginning in life. He left home finally and forever. He studied medicine and somehow acquired that title by which he was afterward commonly known—that of “Doctor.”

It is not recorded that he pursued the studies of his profession with very great diligence. He went to Edinburgh, where he remained for two years. Then he started out for Leyden, in Holland, where there had long been a famous university. How much he did at Leyden is unknown; it is certain, however, that he used up his money, for in no very long time we find him wandering through France on foot. He managed in this way to see the greater part of France and Italy, and finally found himself once more in England.

As a matter of course he made for London. It was to London that all who had no definite career turned their steps to seek their fortunes, as the old saying is. Goldsmith does not seem to have had the profession of an author especially in mind; he tried his hand with a company of strolling players as he tramped along the road; he took the position of usher or under-teacher at a boys' school; he corrected proof sheets; he even endeavored to make a beginning at his real profession of medicine. But none of these ventures was successful or permanent.

Not till after about twelve months of experiment did his true powers find a chance. He attracted the attention of the publishers of one of the London magazines, and was engaged to supply articles to the *Monthly Review*. He was to write anything the editor needed to fill up with.

Although this particular engagement did not last very long, and although Goldsmith tried teaching and medicine again, yet this was his real beginning at his life-work. Certainly the writing anything that might be called for was not a very dignified form of the author's profession, but at least it kept him alive, and it also led to something else. From this time (1757) to his death, Goldsmith lived chiefly in London and made his living by his pen. He never settled anywhere else, and, in spite of trying his hand at medicine every now and then, he never really did anything else but write.

In the next twenty years he wrote a great deal that was de-

manded of him by publishers and booksellers, and much of it had no very great merit. But beside these things that he wrote for money, he also found leisure to express his truer thoughts and feelings, and thus wrote some of the best things in the literature of the time. His essays attracted notice ; his poems, "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," were the best that had appeared since Pope ; his play, "She Stoops to Conquer," was successful in its day and has kept the stage since, and "The Vicar of Wakefield" is one of the best novels of the century. This would be a proud record for any author ; from it we understand what Johnson meant when he said of Goldsmith that he left scarcely any mode of writing untouched, and touched none that he did not adorn.

But a list of his works gives no real idea of his life nor of his character. His life in London for twenty years, although more settled than his varied experiments in search of a profession, had yet decided ups and downs. He never attained that steady habit of life which is careful of the present and provident for the future. He made a great deal of money, but he was generally in debt ; he wrote exquisite and charming works, but he had also to toil days and months upon pieces of book-work which could have had but little interest for him ; he had many of the most distinguished men of his time as friends, yet he was constantly doing careless and foolish things, like beating booksellers and wearing clothes of bloom-colored plush.

But there was one characteristic which nothing ever changed or even obscured. This was his genuine goodness of nature and his sweet charm of manner. He was often hasty, but never unkind, and, in spite of his follies, everybody had a warm heart for him. And his readers also for one hundred and fifty years have always felt that, in spite of all failures, here was a man who truly appealed to the heart.

Goldsmith died in 1774, at the comparatively early age of forty-six. He was deeply in debt when he died, but the stairway leading to his room was filled with mourners—the poor with whom he had shared whatever fortune brought him, and who loved him as their benefactor and their friend.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

[Goldsmith, though of English descent, was brought up in Ireland, and saw there many scenes of distress and poverty among the peasants. He had a very sympathetic nature, and the leave-takings among the emigrants who left their Irish homes to come to America must have saddened him. He came very near emigrating to America himself once, but the ship sailed without him.

In his later life he used to leave London, where he lived, and make little trips into the country, where he saw the pleasures of English village life.

In this poem he described the two kinds of villages as though they were one. Macaulay, an English critic, says :

“The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his Auburn. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent ; the ejection he had probably seen in Munster ; but by joining the two he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.”

When he was a little boy, Goldsmith went to school to an old soldier who taught him to read and write, and told him many wonderful tales of his travels and his experiences in the army. You will find a picture of this “village master” in the poem.

Goldsmith's father was a clergyman.

Thackeray, an English novelist, describes the life of the family thus :

“His father had a crowd of poor dependents besides those hungry children. He kept an open table, round which sat flatterers, and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf ; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk ; the poor cotter still asks his honor's charity, and prays God bless his Reverence for the sixpence ; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There's still

a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlor-table, profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half-dozen Irish dependents who take a percentage of his earnings.”]

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain!
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, 5
 Seats² of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 The sheltered cot,³ the cultivated farm, 10
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!
 How often have I blessed the coming day, 15
 When toil remitting⁴ lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed;⁵ 20
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown, 25
 By holding out, to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,⁶
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,

¹ *Swain*—a young man living in the country.

² *Seats*—places where I lived.

³ *Cot*—cottage.

⁴ Toil making less demands gave place to play.

⁵ The young people had matches of skill or strength, while the old people looked on.

⁶ not knowing that some one had blackened his face.

The matron's glance that would those looks reprove. 30
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn! 35
 Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain; 40
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern¹ guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, 45
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall,
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away, thy children leave the land. 50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, 55
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
 A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintained its man;
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more: 60
 His best companions, innocence and health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.²

¹ The bittern is a wading bird which makes a lonely-sounding, booming noise.

² The best possession he has is contentment, for he does not know how many things there are to wish for.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose, 65
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
 And every want to opulence allied,¹
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.²
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little room, 70
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour, 75
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,— 80
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown, 85
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,³
 And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill, 90
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,

¹ every desire that generally accompanies great riches.

² Foolish people take great trouble and suffer much because they are proud.

³ Life is like the light of a taper. Goldsmith wishes to use his strength economically, not waste it in work or excitement, toward the end of life, so that it may last longer.

I still had hopes, my long vexations past, 95
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease; 100
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;¹
No surly porter stands in guilty state, 105
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way; 110
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow, 115
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school, 120
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail, 125
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate² in the gale,

¹ Goldsmith thinks that toilers in mines and the sailors on the sea are at work to make money for rich people.

² rise and fall.

No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring: 130
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,¹
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,²
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train, 135
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 140
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
 Unpractised³ he to fawn, or seek for power, 145
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise,
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain: 150
 The long remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;⁴
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,

¹ strip the cresses which grow like a green mantle on the water, in order to sell them.

² the hedges of thorny bushes.

³ He was not in the habit of fawning.

⁴ had his claims acknowledged as just.

And quite forgot their vices in their woe; 160
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, 175
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. 180

The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed; 185

Their welfare pleased him and their cares distressed:
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, 190
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts ¹ the way,

¹ borders the road.

With blossomed furze¹ unprofitably gay,²
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule, 195
The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well; and every truant knew:
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face; 200

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught, 205

The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew:
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,³
 And even the story ran that he could gauge:⁴ 210

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, 215
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, 220
 Low lies that house where nut-brown drafts⁵ inspired,
 Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.

¹ *Furze*—a thorny shrub.

² *gay* with flowers that do no good.

³ *Presage*—foretell.

⁴ *Gauge*—to measure; here probably to survey or measure land.

⁵ *Drafts*—drinks of brown ale.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225
 The parlor splendors of that festive place:
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,¹
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day; 230
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules,² the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show, 235
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
 Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. 240
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, 245
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;³
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250
 Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,⁴
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play, 255

¹ It served for two uses.² rules of behavior in the inn.³ the glass of beer or wine. *Mantling* may refer to the color of the drink or to the color it causes in the face. Goldsmith calls it bliss, because he supposes that it makes people happy.⁴ One natural charm is pleasanter to his heart than all the polish of art is.

The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway.
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,¹
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

260

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand²
 Between a splendid and a happy land.

265

ic Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,³
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.

270

Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride

275

Takes up a space that many poor supplied;⁴
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;⁵

280

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies;
 While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

285

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,

¹ tempt.

² What a great distance there is; how far apart the boundaries are.

³ The ocean swells with pride because it carries boats full of gold.

⁴ that supplied many poor people with food.

⁵ Half the growth of the fields has been sold to buy the robe.

Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes; 290

But when those charms are past,—for charms are frail,—
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.

Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed: 295

In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise;
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise:

While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band, 300

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,

The country blooms—a garden and a grave.¹ *auth.*

Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,

To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?² 305

If to some common's fenceless limits strayed

He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,

Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,

And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?

To see profusion that he must not share; 310

To see ten thousand baneful arts combined

To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;

To see those joys the sons of pleasure know

Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.

Here while the courtier glitters in brocade, 315

There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;

Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.

The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign

Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train: 320

¹ a pleasure garden, but all the prosperity of the poor peasant is destroyed to make it, and so is buried in it.

² pride that is its next-door neighbor.

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
 Sure these denote one universal joy!
 Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes 325
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn: 330
 Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn,—thine, the loveliest train,—
 Do thy fair tribes participate¹ her pain?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread. 340

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,²
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama³ murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charmed before, 345
 The various terrors of that horrid shore:
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling; 350
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake

¹ share her pain.² Half the round world pushes itself in between.³ *Altama*—the Altamaha River, in Georgia.

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey, 355
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green, 360
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, 365
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep. 370
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder complaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose, 380
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree, 385
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions,¹ with insidious joy,

¹ A *potion* is a drink. The potion doesn't have the insidious joy; it gives a sly joy.

Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy! ¹
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own. 390
 At every draft more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
 Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun, 395
 And half the business of destruction done;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land ;
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial ² tenderness are there;
 And piety with wishes placed above, 405
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame; 410
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel, 415
 Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!
 Farewell, and oh ! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's ³ cliffs, or Pambamarca's ⁴ side,

¹ Goldsmith is comparing the pleasure gained from riches with that gained from strong drink, which he now says pleases at first, but injures afterwards.

² the tenderness of husband and wife.

³ the heights around a lake in northern Sweden.

⁴ a mountain in Ecuador.

Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime; ¹
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him, that states of native strength possessed, 425
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

SUGGESTIONS FOR QUESTIONS.

42. Is the line easy to read aloud ?
 Does it describe a movement which is easy ?
 Find out what *alliteration* is.
52. *Accumulate* here means to *grow greater*.
 What does *decay* here mean ? Find out what *antithesis* is.
66. How does the expression "Unwieldy wealth" create the impression which the author wishes to make ? Compare with line 42.
76. How do the glades "confess the tyrant's power" ?
100. What figure of speech is in this line ?
136. Find an example of alliteration.
148. See what evidence of the poet's skill you can find in this line.
180. What figure of speech is in this line ?
302. What figure is here ?
 Find other instances of antithesis, of alliteration, and of lines whose sound suits their meaning in the poem.
- 10-14. Make a list of the things mentioned in these lines.
 Shut your eyes and try to see the whole picture.

¹ soften the severities of the harsh climate.

41-48. Count the features enumerated in this scene.

Try to see the picture.

100-130. Find within these lines a picture painted by enumerating its parts.

(Teach other figures of speech. See Standard Literature Series, Nos. 26 and 47.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

(Daily themes.)

1. Write a paragraph describing the preacher.
2. Write a paragraph describing the schoolmaster.
3. Write a paragraph describing a scene in the village tavern.
4. Write a paragraph describing the village as it used to be.
5. Write a paragraph describing the scene when the village people left their homes.
6. Write a comparison between the English home that the people left and the land in the colonies to which they went.
- ✓ 7. What lesson did Goldsmith wish to teach in this poem?
8. Write a paragraph telling whether you think Goldsmith was right or not, and why.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MEMORY WORK.

1. Learn lines 51-56.
2. Learn lines 99-102.
3. Learn lines 167-170.
4. Learn lines 187-192.

THE TRAVELER;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

[GOLDSMITH, when he was a young man, wandered from village to village through Europe, playing his flute for the amusement of the peasants, and thus earning food and lodging. During this trip he wrote a poetical letter to his brother, describing the various countries which he saw, but years afterwards, when he was an older man, he re-wrote the poem, "The Traveler," adding the thoughts and morals which you will find scattered through it.

Thackeray, himself a great author, who lived shortly after Goldsmith, in a lecture which he gave on Goldsmith, says :

"Who, of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune—after years of dire struggle and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place, as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home. . . . Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change, as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. . . . Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon—save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old. . . . Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives, has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music."]

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or ¹ by the lazy Scheld ² or wandering Po;³
Or onward,⁴ where the rude Carinthian boor ⁵
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;

¹ Or here means either.

² slow-flowing river of Belgium and Holland.

³ largest river of Italy. ⁴ further. ⁵ peasant of Carinthia, a part of Austro-Hungary.

Or where Campania's ¹ plain forsaken lies, 5
 A weary waste expanding to the skies;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart untraveled ² fondly turns to thee:
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.³ 10

Eternal blessings crown ⁴ my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,⁵ 15
 And every stranger finds a ready chair:
 Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale; 20
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
 Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue 25
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;⁶
 My fortune leads ⁷ to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own. 30

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
 And, placed on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear;

¹ a central province of Italy.

² His heart did not travel with his body, but remained with his brother.

³ Criminals often had chains attached to their ankles. His heart was bound to home by a chain of memories.

⁴ May they crown.

⁵ where those suffering want and pain go for help.

⁶ The horizon moves away as we approach it.

⁷ leads me; object in line 23.

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide, 35
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?¹ 40

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned; 45
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!² 50

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,³ 55

Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned, 60
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone 65
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;

¹ Philosophers pretend to despise the riches of the world.

² In one way he *owns* what he enjoys. ³ First one feeling and then another rises.

The naked negro, panting at the line,¹
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine, 70
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first, best country ever is—at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare, 75
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom² find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
 As different good, by Art or Nature given,
 To different nations makes their blessings even. 80
 Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
 With food as well the peasant is supplied
 On Idria's³ cliffs as Arno's⁴ shelvy side;
 And though the rocky crested summits frown, 85
 These rocks, by custom⁵ turn to beds of down.
 From Art more various⁶ are the blessings sent;
 Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
 Yet these each other's power so strong⁷ contest,
 That either⁸ seems destructive of the rest. 90
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
 And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the favorite happiness attends, 95
 And spurns the plan that aims to other ends;
 'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This favorite good begets peculiar pain.⁹

¹ the equator. ² Each patriot flatters his own land, but the wise man finds, etc.

³ Idria in the Austrian Empire. The town is among the mountains.

⁴ important river of central Italy.

⁵ "Custom" here means *trade*. There are quicksilver mines near Idria, and by trade the rocks furnish comforts to the people.

⁶ more various from *Art* than from *Nature* (see lines 79 and 81).

⁷ strongly.

⁸ *either* here means each.

⁹ pain peculiar to itself.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies: 100
 Here for a while my proper cares¹ resigned,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
 Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends, 105
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
 Its uplands, sloping, deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
 While oft some temple's moldering tops between²
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene. 110

Could³ Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear, 115
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil: 120
 While sea-born gales their gelid⁴ wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss⁵ that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation⁶ knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear; 125
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults⁷ through all his manners reign:
 Though poor, luxurious;⁸ though submissive, vain;

¹ "my proper cares"—cares peculiar to me.

² seen between the trees; there are many old churches in Italy.

³ if it could.

⁴ cold; congealed.

⁵ The bliss is small. Goldsmith means that we get much less pleasure through the body than through the mind.

⁶ the Italian nation; the nation that lives amid these scenes.

⁷ faults just the opposite of each other.

⁸ Although the Italian is poor, he loves his ease.

Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
 And even in penance planning sins anew.¹ 130
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;²
 For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date³
 When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
 At her command the palace learned to rise, 135
 Again the long-fallen column sought the skies:
 The canvas glowed, beyond e'en nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teemed with human form;⁴
 Till, more unsteady⁵ than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores displayed her sail; 140
 While nought remained of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmanned and lords without a slave;
 And late the nation found with fruitless skill
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.⁶

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied 145
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;⁷ 150
 Processions formed for piety and love,
 A mistress⁸ or a saint in every grove.

¹ While he performs penance for one sin, he plans another.

² People who once had riches, but have lost them, are apt to be proud and lazy.

³ at a time not far past.

⁴ The human forms are all in the stone quarry, but it takes the sculptor to set them free—to cut them out. He refers to the work of the noted sculptors; the marble came from the quarries at Carrara.

⁵ If people find goods at a new place better or cheaper, they trade at the new place. So commerce is unsteady.

⁶ As eating too much gives unhealthy fat, rather than muscular strength, so being too rich makes a nation seem great without giving real strength. The Italian cities were at the height of their commercial activity about the close of the Middle Ages. The discovery of America and of the sea-route to India were the main causes of the decay of Italian commerce.

⁷ Triumphant processions in Italy used to be in steel armor, after bloody battles; now they are in pasteboard helmets and fancy dresses for pleasure.

⁸ *Mistress* means lady-love.

By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child.¹

Each nobler aim, repressed by long control, 155
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans² the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness³ occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay, 160
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,⁴
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey 165
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and the sword.⁵ 170
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm, 175
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;⁶
Sees no contiguous⁷ palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed; 180
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,⁸
To make him loathe his vegetable meal,
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,

¹ He calls the Italians children.

² controls. ³ lowness. ⁴ building.

⁵ The Swiss were the chief mercenary soldiers of Europe from the fifteenth century through the French Revolution.

⁶ His life is like the life of all his neighbors.

⁷ adjacent; close at hand.

⁸ *He sees* no lord deal a banquet.

Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose, 185
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his venturous plowshare to the steep;
 Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage¹ into day. 190
 At night returning, every labor sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard, 195
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;² 200
 And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,³
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest, 205
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confined. 210
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
 For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redressed.

¹ Bears abound in Switzerland. *Savage*, as a noun, now applies only to members of the human family.

² Every good thing that his country gives impresses on his heart a love for that country.

³ His desires remain small as his home.

Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies, 215
 That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame. 220
Their level life is but a smoldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire:
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire, 225
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
 Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run; 230
 And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated¹ heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play 235
 Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
 These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn; and France displays her bright domain. 240
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?²
 Where shading elms along the margin grew, 245
 And, freshened from the wave, the zephyr flew;
 And haply,³ though my harsh touch faltering still,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,

¹ hardened.² largest purely French river.³ perhaps.

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour. 250
 Alike all ages.¹ Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic² lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display, 255
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honor forms the social temper here:
 Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or even imaginary worth obtains, 260
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;
 They please, are pleased, they give to get³ esteem; 265
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.⁴

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise;
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;⁵ 270
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace, 275
 And trims her robes of frieze⁶ with copper lace;⁷
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year;⁸

¹ People of all ages are alike.

² an adjective for the noun gesture—a reference to the custom of the French of using gestures to emphasize their speech.

³ They give praise in order to get it.

⁴ They grow to be what they seem to be.

⁵ Those who desire praise too much cannot do what they think right if that would cause them to lose it.

⁶ coarse woolen cloth.

⁷ to imitate gold.

⁸ starves all the year for the sake of one feast.

The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.¹ 280

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous² to stop the coming tide, 285
Lift the tall rampire's³ artificial pride.

Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore. 290

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious⁴ world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossomed vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain, 295
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain. 300

Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear, 305
E'en liberty itself is bartered here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves, 310
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

¹ does not see the value of self-approval.

² rampart or bulwark; dike.

³ perseveringly industrious.

⁴ both of land and of water.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic¹ sires of old!
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow; 315
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian² pride,
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspis³ glide. 320
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
 Extremes⁴ are only in the master's mind!

Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state. 325

With daring aims irregularly great,
 Pride in their port,⁵ defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashioned,⁶ fresh from Nature's hand, 330
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,⁷
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here, 335
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too blest⁸ indeed, were such without alloy,
 But fostered even by freedom ills annoy;⁹
 That independence Britons prize¹⁰ too high,

¹ The Belgae included a large number of various tribes lying between the Seine, Marne, and Rhine rivers. Goldsmith refers to them as the ancestors of the Dutch. The Dutch and English are brothers, with languages closely resembling each other.

² Arcadia is an imaginary country filled with beauty and happiness.

³ Hydaspis was a river which was the subject of many wild tales; one was that it ran gold and gems. In Goldsmith's time there was a touch of silver in the Thames.

⁴ Extremes are only imaginary; there are none in the climate.

⁵ deportment.

⁶ not controlled by formalities.

⁷ boasts of his power to criticize the government, etc.; i.e., he takes a part in public discussions and has a voice in the making of the laws.

⁸ The people would be too blest.

⁹ Even freedom creates some ills.

¹⁰ That independence which Britons prize too highly.

Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie; 340
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled.
 Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar, 345
 Repressed ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
 Nor this the worst.¹ As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honor fail to sway, 350
 Fictitious² bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.³
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms, 355
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,⁴
 Where kings have toiled, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.⁵ 360
 Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel 365
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;⁶

¹ Nor is this the worst.

² unnatural.

³ The Englishman is so independent that he will not obey his family, yet yields to those who have more wealth and position than he, and so loses his independence after all.

⁴ "Noble stems transmit the patriot flame" means noble families teach love of country from father to son. A family is often likened to a tree.

⁵ Goldsmith thinks that if the English people worship money and title too much they will cease to honor people of talent.

⁶ A free people, Goldsmith thinks, are always in danger of being governed foolishly by the excited ignorant poor people, or by some one soldier who may become a tyrant and take possession of the government.

Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun,¹
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure;
 I only would repress them to secure:² 370
 For just experience tells in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
 Hence, should one order³ disproportioned grow, 375
 Its double weight must ruin all below.
 O then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!⁴
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast-approaching danger warms: 380
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own,⁵
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw, 385
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home,⁶—
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,⁷
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart; 390
 'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

¹ We need to guard our freedom well, for if we either neglect it or boast of it, we are apt to lose it.

² As we trim flowers from a plant to secure more blooms later, or as a parent chides a child to make him better, so Goldsmith warns the English against wanting too much freedom, in order that he may help them to be really free.

³ if one part of society should grow too strong.

⁴ How blind people are to think a whole nation is free when only part of the people are anxious to rise!

⁵ Goldsmith objects to the power of the king being lessened if that means more power to the nobles.

⁶ He thinks that if rich men make the laws which poor men must obey, then the poor men are really slaves.

⁷ They start when all these things happen.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful¹ hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power;²
 And thus polluting honor in its source,³ 395
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Briton's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste; 400
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?⁴
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call, 405
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?⁵
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main; 410
 Where wild Oswego⁶ spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?
 Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Through tangled forest, and through dangerous ways;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim, 415
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,⁷ 420
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

¹ ill-starred ; unfortunate.² Possibly he has Oliver Cromwell in mind.³ He thinks the king, not the rich, should be the source of honor.⁴ seen opulence repose there.⁵ seen villages depopulated that the land might be turned into the pleasure grounds of the wealthy.⁶ river flowing from Lake Oneida to Lake Ontario.⁷ afraid to stop, but too weak to go on.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind:
 Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose, 425
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small,¹ of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure. 430
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity² we make or find;
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel, 435
 Luke's iron crown,³ and Damien's⁴ bed of steel,
 To men remote from power⁵ but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

SUGGESTIONS FOR QUESTIONS.

10. Why a *lengthening* chain?
33. Why does he say that he was "above the storm's career"?
47. What is the "busy gale" doing?
48. How are the swains *dressing* the *vale*?
91. Are rich people less contented than poor people?
Are free people less contented than slaves?
92. What does this line mean?

¹ That part of our happiness which depends on anything outside of our own souls is small.

² happiness.

³ The poet is in error. Two brothers, Luke and George Dosa, engaged in a desperate peasant war in Hungary in 1514. George, not Luke, suffered the torture of the iron crown. The crown, heated red hot, was put upon the head of the victim, a punishment for rebels and regicides.

⁴ executed in 1757 for his attempt on the life of Louis XV. His limbs were torn with red-hot pincers.

⁵ All these terrible things are little known to men who are humble and poor.

114. Name some fruits that "proudly rise"; name some that "humbly court the ground."

116. How does the year vary in climate in the Torrid Zone?

119. Why, do you think, Goldsmith calls the soil *kindred* to the plants?

120. What does this line mean?

122. How does the wind "winnow fragrance"? What sort of land is a "smiling land"?

124. Mention some kinds of happiness which Americans can get which are not sensual.

135. What does this line mean?

136. What does this line mean?

167. Are the Swiss really bleak? Are their houses stormy? What does the line mean?

174. Find what meteors are. Do you think they are oftener seen in Switzerland than elsewhere?

181. Find an adjective in this line used as *bleak* is in line 167.

221-222. Try to tell what these lines mean to you.

233-238. Write a paragraph giving this thought in your own words.

251. What does "Dames of ancient days" mean?

256. How can a person be "idly busy"?

264. What is an "avarice of praise"?

279. What is "shifting fashion"?

282. Why does he say that Holland is "embosomed in the deep"?

284. Find a pretty figure of speech in this line.

290. What does "scoops out an empire" mean?

297-312. Does this description agree with anything you have learned in geography or history of the Dutch people?

331-332. Can you think of any event in American history when English people proved these lines true?

372. In the elections in our country who has a vote?

398. Can you think of any way in which men may be sacrificed for money without being sold?

413-422. Do you think that this is a true picture of the condition of the colonists?

SUGGESTIONS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

(Daily themes.)

1. Describe Goldsmith's feelings while he was writing this poem.

2. As Goldsmith passes the countries of the world before his imagination, what does he profess to be looking for, and what is his real expectation about it?

3. Give some of the good things that he sees in Italy; some of the bad.

4. Give some of the good and bad features of Switzerland.

5. Give the virtues and vices of France as he sees them.

6. Give the good and bad features that he finds in Holland.

7. Give the good and bad features that he finds in England.

✓ 8. What is Goldsmith's opinion about the things which affect real happiness? Do you agree with him or not? Why?

AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS.
MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size;
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself had followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain some private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets,
 The wondering neighbors ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
 To every Christian eye;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rogues they lied;
 The man recovered of the bite,
 The dog it was that died.

EPITAPH ON EDMUND BURKE.

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote.

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THOMAS GRAY.

THE poet Thomas Gray combined a great love and knowledge of literature and art with an almost equal fondness for nature and natural sciences. He was, in fact, one of the most accomplished men of his times.

He was born in London in the early part of the eighteenth century (1716), of middle-class parents. His father was a man of violent temper, who took little interest in his son's up-bringing or welfare; but his mother, though forced to earn her son's living at millinery, early appreciated his abilities and contrived to have him educated first at the great Eton school, and then at Cambridge University. Eton is yet so proud of her son Thomas Gray that each graduate of the school is presented, at his departure, with a copy of Gray's works, and Cambridge honored him by giving him the chair of Modern Literature and Modern Languages.

There seemed no branch of knowledge which he did not easily master, except mathematics, which he detested, and could not be induced to study. Sir Thomas Mackintosh said of him, "He was the first discoverer of the beauties of nature in England," and his letters to his literary friends, written while traveling through England and Scotland, prove him a worthy "pioneer of Wordsworth," the foremost of the Lake Poets.

He lived for many years at Cambridge in a college room fitted up daintily with plants and ornaments, but he was so quiet, reserved, and shy that he made few friends, and dreaded the gaze of strangers. He never married. He died in 1771.

His fame as a writer rests upon a few poems—none of them of any great length. His ode on a distant prospect of Eton contains fine bits of description and much of the philosophy of life, but his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" is undoubtedly his masterpiece, and to the present day maintains a high position among the English classics. For musical harmony and pathetic sentiment it stands as one of the most perfect of English poems.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

[Thomas Gray, like the true poet that he was, could never write except when inspired by some particular circumstances. He began the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" in 1742, at the time of the death of a near relative, and added to it on several such occasions, until it was finished seven years after it was begun. He had a notion that it was beneath him to receive money for anything that he wrote, and consequently his publisher received the £1,000 which came from the "Elegy." This poem has been translated into many languages.]

1. THE curfew¹ tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds² slowly o'er the lea,³
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
2. Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning⁴ flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;⁵
3. Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.⁶
4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude⁷ forefathers of the hamlet sleep.⁸

¹ Fire-cover. At the ringing of the curfew-bell all household fires were to be put out for the night. The custom was introduced into England by the Norman conquerors as a safeguard against fire. ² wends its way; moves in a curving path. ³ meadow.

⁴ making a dull humming sound. ⁵ flocks. ⁶ realm. ⁷ poor, of the peasant class.

⁸ The well-to-do were interred inside the church, and the poorer people in the churchyard. Gray is thinking of the latter class.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing ¹ Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply ² her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.
7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe ³ has broke;
How jocund ⁴ did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
8. Let not Ambition ⁵ mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur ⁶ hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals ⁷ of the poor.
9. The boast of heraldry, ⁸ the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour. ⁹
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
10. Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault ¹⁰
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

¹ sweet smelling.² attend to.³ soil; ground.⁴ here an adverb, meaning cheerfully.⁵ here those who would like to be of a higher class.⁶ here those who are of a higher class.⁷ chronicles; history.⁸ of the noble ancestry recorded in the College of Heralds; of the coat of arms and shield telling of the deeds of some brave ancestor.⁹ death.¹⁰ vault in an arched roof; fretted, ornamented with slats intersecting each other at right angles.

11. Can storied urn,¹ or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can Honor's voice provoke² the silent dust,
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?
12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;³
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,⁴
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.⁵
13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury⁶ repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current⁷ of the soul.
14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
15. Some village Hampden,⁸ that, with dauntless breast,
 The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton⁹ here may rest,
 Some Cromwell¹⁰ guiltless of his country's blood.

¹ a vessel for holding the ashes of the dead.

² call to life again.

³ filled with heavenly inspiration.

⁴ hands that might have swayed the rod of empire ; abilities that might have been powerful to govern.

⁵ hands that might have waked the living lyre to ecstasy ; abilities that might have roused some human hearts.

⁶ poverty ; want of resources.

⁷ stopped the generous impulses.

⁸ In 1636 John Hampden of Buckinghamshire refused to pay the ship-money tax imposed by Charles I. Hampden withstood the tyrant king.

⁹ John Milton, noted poet and statesman (1608-1674).

¹⁰ Oliver Cromwell was the leader of the parliamentary army that finally overthrew the king's power and brought him to death on the scaffold. This line indicates the strong prejudice that existed against Cromwell in the eighteenth century.

16. The applause of listening senates to command,¹
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,
17. Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter² to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,
18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
19. Far from the madding³ crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
21. Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,⁴
 The place of fame and elegy supply:
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
22. For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,⁵

¹ The age was one of oratory. The elder Pitt was already famous at the time the poem was published.

² to reach a throne by warfare.

³ raging, furious.

⁴ poet.

⁵ who, when resigning his life here, reconciled himself to being forgotten.

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,¹
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.
24. For thee, who mindful of the unhonored Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
26. "There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic² roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
28. "One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

¹ The poet now answers the question of the preceding stanza. While a spark of life remains we crave remembrance. We hope that when we are turned to dust we may still be remembered.

² growing into strange, odd shapes.

29. "The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way¹ path we saw him borne.—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read²) the lay³
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,⁴
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.
31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.
32. No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

QUESTIONS ON THE ELEGY.

1. With whom does Gray sympathize in this poem?
2. What classes of people does he reprove?
3. Of what does he remind all classes?
4. Does he think it the fault of these poor village people that they were not great and famous?
5. To what does he attribute their lowly lives?
6. Find some sentiments in which he agrees with Goldsmith.

¹ churchward ; along the path toward the church.

² Reading was not such a common accomplishment as to be taken for granted.

³ here inscription.

⁴ The poet is thinking of himself in these closing lines.

SUGGESTIONS FOR COMPOSITION WORK.

1. Write a paragraph describing the parting day and the village churchyard.
2. Write a paragraph explaining the application of the fourteenth stanza to the twelfth and thirteenth.
3. What is meant by the last two lines of the nineteenth stanza ?
4. Write in prose the meaning of the epitaph.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MEMORY WORK.

Memorize the first four stanzas.

Memorize the ninth stanza.

Memorize the eleventh stanza.

Memorize the fourteenth stanza.

Memorize the twenty-second and twenty-third stanzas.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade ;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey ;
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way,

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
 Ah fields beloved in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood strayed
 A stranger yet to pain !

I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthal ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possessed ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :

Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigor born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born on Christmas Day, in the year 1720. His father was a hatter, not very well off, but of a good reputation.

Collins had a college education and improved himself by much reading and study. He knew not only the ancient languages, Greek and Latin, but also French, Italian, and Spanish.

When a very young man, he was poor and ambitious, but he planned much better than he accomplished. He proposed to write a history, a tragedy, a translation; but only a few short odes and poems were ever written. These show that he had an imagination that delighted in fairies, genii, giants, and all strange creations of the fancy.

Before Collins had a chance either to succeed or fail in a literary career, he inherited about ten thousand dollars from an uncle—a fortunate occurrence, for soon afterward the poet's health, both of mind and body, failed, so that hard work was impossible for him. He was not violently insane, but his mind was so much affected that he was at one time placed in an asylum. He was conscious of his own infirmity, and tried at first to forget his trouble in travel or to drown it in drink. Finally, he acknowledged himself an invalid, and went to live with his sister, who cared for him until he died at the early age of thirty-six.

Collins's odes were not successful during his life. His publishers lost money by them, and poor Collins made up the loss to them and threw the unused copies into the fire. Within a generation after the death of their author, however, the odes were acknowledged to be among the best of their kind in the language, and they are still admired by all who like imaginative poetry.

THE PASSIONS.

[Music is supposed to be a goddess who lived in Greece, and who sang and played very beautifully. She kept musical instruments hanging round her on myrtle trees. The Passions—the various feelings of man, such as Fear, Anger, Despair, and Hope—are all personified also. They are male or female, according to their nature. They are all excited by Music, and so taking her instruments, they all show their skill, each in a characteristic way. As there never was such a concert in reality, Collins felt at liberty to make his personified Passions do anything he pleased, and you will find them showing forth their natures without any regard for appearances—for “Madness ruled the hour.”]

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,¹
Thronged around her magic cell,—
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's² painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

¹ She blew a shell.

² The *Muse* is the spirit of poetry. No poet can describe how excited they were.

Next Anger rushed—his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hand, the strings.
With woeful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance¹ hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all her song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down;
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woes;²
And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,

¹ hailed the lovely scenes in the future—hoped for.

² There never were prophetic sounds which were so full of woes.

Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his
head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—
Sad proof¹ of thy distressful state!
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love—now, raving, called on Hate.
With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs, and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leaped up, and seized the beechen spear.

¹ Jealousy played no fixed tune. Jealous people both love and hate the person about whom they feel jealous.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown, advancing,
First, to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,¹
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;²
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

¹ the viol that awakens—makes people lively.

² They danced together.

ROBERT BURNS.

“ROBERT BURNS was a plowman and the son of a plowman. He was born (in 1759) in a clay cottage built by his father. It consisted of a kitchen in one end, and a room in the other, with a fireplace and a chimney, and there was a concealed bed in the kitchen, with a small closet at the end; and when altogether cast over (whitewashed) inside and outside with lime, it had a neat and comfortable appearance.”

His parents were honest, industrious, and intelligent, but not well educated. He went to school when a very little boy, and studied the spelling-book, the Bible, a collection of poems, and an English grammar. His teacher made him learn the poems by heart, and write out the meanings of the stanzas in prose. His love of learning prompted him to read the few books his father possessed. Among these was a “Select Collection of English Songs.” To quote his own words, “I pored over them, driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime from affectation and fustian. I am convinced that I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is.” He used even to eat his meals book in hand. He sharpened his wits at a little village debating society, and it is said that he once won in a debate with his schoolmaster in the presence of the school.

He very early in life had love affairs. He says of himself, “My heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other.” And so among his first attempts at writing are poems of love.

Among the earliest books that he read were a life of Hannibal and a life of Wallace, and inspired by them he began to write patriotic verses.

When still a young man, he left the farm and went to a seaport town to learn the trade of flax dresser. He did not prosper

at the trade, but he learned wild ways from the sailors who frequented the town, and he wrote some poems in which he bragged of his own vice in a reckless way, and others in which he showed how wretched it made him to have done wrong.

A dispute arising in the church, Burns applied his art of verse-writing and his skill in disputation to the subject. He wrote several sarcastic poems that amazed the good church people by their cleverness and their boldness.

Burns had two very serious love affairs, and, it is sad to relate, indulged in both of them at the same time. One of his lady loves was Jean, a village maiden whose acquaintance he made at a dance, and who finally became his wife; the other was Highland Mary, "a sprightly, blue-eyed creature," who comforted him during a period when he was at odds with his Jean, and whom also he promised to marry. But she died before the promise could be fulfilled. His poems are full of allusions to these love affairs.

All this time he was wretchedly poor, and he even thought, like Goldsmith, of emigrating to America; but finally his poems were published, and their merit recognized, so that he was brought to Edinburgh, introduced to literary people, and to society very superior to what he was used to; he even dined with a lord, and wrote a humorous poem about it:

"I sidling shelter'd in a nook,
And at his Lordship steal a look,
Like some portentous omen;
Except good sense and social glee,
And (what surprised me) modesty,
I markit nought uncommon."

In Edinburgh he was much petted; his portrait was painted, and several pen-portraits were made of him, so that we know him to have been a large man, with a slight stoop caused by following the plow, with brilliant eyes, and a very simple, modest manner—neither awkward nor pretentious.

He finally returned to country life, marrying his Jean, who, he says, had "placid good-nature, vigorous health," and "a more than commonly handsome figure." He went to farming, at which he did not succeed very well, and later got a place as exciseman.

He worked hard, drank heavily, and occasionally found time to write verses, which, as his mood varied, were sometimes gay, sometimes sad.

He was now, as he had always been, energetic, kind-hearted, and indiscreet. A story is told of him as exciseman which illustrates all these qualities. It was his business to see that no one sold liquor without a license. A poor woman whom he knew to be breaking the law was startled one morning by his sudden appearance, with, "Kate, are you mad? Don't you know that the supervisor and I will be in upon you in forty minutes?" Of course, when they came, there was no strong drink about.

In 1796 Burns died from a cold taken while under the influence of liquor. He showed courage in facing death, great distress at leaving his family poor, and regret at not having destroyed many of his poems which were struck off in the heat of the moment and which he felt did not express his best sentiments.

He is a poet much loved by the Scotch and by the plain people everywhere. His writings show what genius can do for a man who lacks thorough education and culture. But they also show how lack of refinement and of steadfast high principle can injure a man of genius. Not all of his poems are fit to read, but some of them are among the most admired and popular poems in the language.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

[Burns was the son of a poor Scotch farmer, and, when his father died, became the head of the family and a farmer himself. The father used to have family prayers every night, and after his death Robert, although often a wild lad, and sometimes given to railing at religious forms, used to conduct family worship just as his father did. He used to say to his brother that he thought there was something peculiarly beautiful in the expression, "Let us worship God," with which the evening prayers were generally begun. So he wrote a poem describing the scene in a poor farmer's cottage.

He read this poem to an uneducated Scotch woman, and she remarked that she didn't call that poetry—it just told the truth. Burns thought her criticism high praise, for that was just what he

had tried to do—to give a true picture of the humble life around him.]

MY loved, my honored, much respected friend! ¹

No mercenary bard ² his homage pays:

With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,

My dearest meed, ³ a friend's esteem and praise:

To you I sing in simple Scottish lays ⁴ 5

The lowly train ⁵ in life's sequestered ⁶ scene;

The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;

What Aiken ⁷ in a cottage would have been;

Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween. ⁸

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh; ⁹ 10

The short'ning winter-day is near a close;

The miry beasts retreating frae ¹⁰ the plough; ¹¹

The black'ning trains o' craws ¹² to their repose:

The toil-worn Cotter ¹³ frae his labor goes,

This night his weekly moil ¹⁴ is at an end, 15

Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

Hoping the morn ¹⁵ in ease and rest to spend,

And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot ¹⁶ appears in view,

Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; 20

¹ It used to be the fashion to begin a poem or a book of any sort with a dedication to some one loved or honored by the author.

² A mercenary bard is a poet who dedicates a poem to a person who he thinks will give him some favor to pay for the compliment.

³ A friend's praise is my dearest reward. ⁴ songs.

⁵ Train here means something like procession. Burns will introduce a procession of humble people.

⁶ removed from busy life. Burns says that he is going to sing a song—that is, write a poem—about humble people living quiet lives.

⁷ Aiken was a literary friend to whom Burns dedicated the poem. Burns thinks that Aiken would have been very happy if he had lived in a cottage and had not been famous.

⁸ believe. ⁹ a rushing noise.

¹⁰ from. ¹¹ plow.

¹² crows. ¹³ a farmer who rents a small farm.

¹⁴ toil. ¹⁵ to-morrow.

¹⁶ cottage.

The expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher¹ through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin'² noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle,³ blinkin' bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee, 25
 Does a' his weary kiaugh⁴ and cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve⁵ the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out amang the farmers roun';⁶
 Some ca'⁷ the pleugh, some herd,⁸ some tentie rin⁹ 30
 A cannie¹⁰ errand to a neebor town:
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw¹¹ new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won¹² penny-fee,¹³ 35
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's weelfare kindly speirs:¹⁴
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncoss¹⁵ that he sees or hears; 40
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother wi' her needle an' her sheers
 Gars auld claes look amais¹⁶ as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.¹⁷ 45

¹ stagger. The expectant little children toddle to meet him.

² fluttering, like birds.

³ little fireplace. The fire blinks prettily.

⁴ cark, worry.

⁵ by-and-by.

⁶ This is only a cotter. His elder children are servants to the more wealthy farmers of the neighborhood.

⁷ drive with calling or shouting.

⁸ take care of the cattle.

⁹ attentive run. They are careful in running errands.

¹⁰ private errand.

¹¹ brave, meaning fine.

¹² hard-earned.

¹³ payment in money.

¹⁴ inquires.

¹⁵ strange things; news.

¹⁶ makes old clothes look almost as well as new.

¹⁷ The father mixes his partiality with proper advice and scolding.

Their master's and their mistress's command
 The younkers ¹ a' are warn'd to obey;
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydent ² hand,
 An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk ³ or play;
 An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway, 50
 "An' mind your duty, duely, morn an' night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang ⁴ astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door; 55
 Jenny, wha kens ⁵ the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame ⁶
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek; 60
 With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny haffins ⁷ is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben; ⁸
 A strappan ⁹ youth; he takes the mother's eye; 65
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
 The father cracks ¹⁰ of horses, pleughs, and kye.¹¹
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But, blate ¹² and laithfu', ¹³ scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy 70
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
 Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's ¹⁴ respected like the lave.¹⁵

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round, 75
 And sage experience bids me this declare—

¹ young ones. ² diligent. ³ idle, trifle. ⁴ go. ⁵ knows. ⁶ blush. ⁷ half way.
⁸ into the inner part of the house. ⁹ strapping. ¹⁰ talks. ¹¹ cattle. ¹² bashful.
¹³ shy. ¹⁴ child. ¹⁵ the rest; like other girls.

“ If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,¹
 One cordial² in this melancholy vale,³
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
 In other's⁴ arms breathe out the tender tale 80
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.”

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?⁵ 85
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,⁶
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild! 90

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome parritch,⁷ chief of Scotia's food:
 The soupe⁸ their only hawkie⁹ does afford,
 That 'yont¹⁰ the hallen¹¹ snugly chows her cood;¹²
 The dame brings forth in complimentary mood, 95
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd¹³ kebbuck,¹⁴ fell,¹⁵
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous,¹⁶ will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld,¹⁷ sin' lint was i' the bell.¹⁸

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face 100
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;

¹ does spare—if Heaven does spare, or give, to earth.

² Cordial means here a warming drink.

³ Burns calls this earth a melancholy vale; that is, a valley of sorrow.

⁴ in each other's arms.

⁵ Is there a man with a heart who could intentionally (with studied art) win Jenny's love and cast it away?

⁶ no tenderness that points.

⁷ porridge.

⁸ the sup—that which they drink, milk.

⁹ cow.

¹⁰ beyond.

¹¹ porch.

¹² cud.

¹³ well-matured.

¹⁴ cheese.

¹⁵ of fine flavor.

¹⁶ talkative.

¹⁷ a twelvemonth old.

¹⁸ since flax was in flower. The cheese was a year old last flax blossoming.

The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace
 The big ha'-bible,¹ ance² his father's pride:
 His bonnet³ reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets⁴ wearing thin an' bare; 105
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales⁵ a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim; 110
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs,⁶ worthy o' the name;
 Or noble Elgin beats⁷ the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame; 115
 The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage 120
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal Bard⁸ did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire; 125
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme;
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in heaven the sacred name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head; 130

¹ hall Bible, the Bible kept in the chief room.

² once.

³ his cap.

⁴ gray sidelocks.

⁵ selects.

⁶ "Dundee" and "Martyrs" are two hymn tunes.

⁷ feeds. The tune called Elgin feeds the aspiring flame in their hearts.

⁸ King David, who wrote the Psalms.

How His first followers and servants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
 How he,¹ who lone in Patmos banishèd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;²
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command. 135

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:
 There ever bask in uncreated rays, 140
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride, 145
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
 The Pow'r,³ incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;⁴ 150
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
 And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off⁵ their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest; 155
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,

¹ the Apostle John, who was banished to the island of Patmos in the Mediterranean.

² Read Revelation xviii.

³ God.

⁴ the priestly scarf—the scarf worn in the Church of England by the clergymen.

⁵ go off, depart.

That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best, 160
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, 165
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
 And certes,¹ in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, 170
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health and peace and sweet content! 175
 And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion weak and vile;
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle. 180

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's² undaunted heart;
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art, 185
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
 But still the patriot and the patriot-bard
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

¹ truly.² a Scotch hero.

SUGGESTIONS FOR QUESTIONS.

11. Why *shortening* ?
12. What does the word *miry* tell you about the horses ?
39. Why are the hours called *social* ? Why *swift-winged* ?
41. What are hopeful years ?
- 46-54. Why is the second half of this stanza enclosed in quotation marks, but not the first half ?
75. What does this line mean ?
95. What does "in complimentary mood" mean ?
96. What does "to grace the lad" mean ?
116. What does "the tickled ears" mean ?
123. What is "Heaven's avenging ire" ?
132. Who are "the saint, the father, and the husband" ?
140. What does this line mean ?
- 145-154. Give this stanza in your own words.
165. What line of Goldsmith does this remind you of ?
180. What does this line mean ?
184. Explain the meaning of "the second glorious part."
189. Which is the *ornament*, and which the *guard* ?

SUGGESTIONS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

(Daily themes.)

1. Why should the first stanza be in English and the Scotch dialect begin in the second stanza ? Where does English begin again to be employed ? Can you think of a reason for this ?
2. Write a description of the cotter going home.
3. Write a description of the scene at his arrival.
4. Write a description of the scene in his home when the children and Jenny's lover had all arrived.
5. What does Burns think about the comparative virtues of the rich and the poor ? How do he and Goldsmith agree on this subject ?

BANNOCKBURN.

Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots! wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

AFTON WATER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!

CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp;
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidled in the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty fere!
And gie's a hand o' thine!
And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did Misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy shield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a Paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I Monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

the first of these is the fact that the
 country was not a united kingdom
 but a collection of small states
 each of which had its own laws
 and customs. The second is the
 fact that the country was not a
 united kingdom but a collection of
 small states each of which had its
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 which had its own laws and
 customs.

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON, a Scotch poet, was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and was born in 1700.

A friend of his father, also a clergyman, early saw ability in the little boy, and obtained permission to oversee his education. Thomson studied with this friend for a number of years, and during this time wrote excellent articles and poems, but he made it a point on January 1st of each year to destroy everything that he had written during the previous year.

When he grew older, he was sent to Edinburgh University to study for the ministry ; but his intense love of literature, his vivid imagination, and the fact that at this time these qualities were not appreciated in the pulpit, caused him to give up the Church and take to writing.

He removed from Edinburgh to London, where he gradually gained fame as a poet, but he remained a poor man always. He declared that poetry was the cause of his never marrying.

Thomson possessed the power of making friends, and, what is still better, of keeping them. He was very shy in society, but delightfully witty and entertaining among his intimate friends. He was very superstitious. Even when he was a young man at college his fear of ghosts led his fellow students to play pranks upon him.

The chief of his poems are "The Seasons," "Liberty," and "The Castle of Indolence." "The Seasons" is much read by students of literature. In it Thomson shows his reverence for nature and his great descriptive power.

Bulwer, the novelist who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii," said of Thomson's writings that they contain "No line which dying he could wish to blot."

WINTER.

From The Seasons.

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air :
In his own loose revolving fields,¹ the swain
Disastered stands ; sees other hills ascend,²
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag³ the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage⁴ rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blessed abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smoothed up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

¹ fields of snow, loose from the earth, revolving in the wind.

² hills of snow.

³ roughen

⁴ Cottages in England are often thatched—covered with tufts of straw.

These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks,
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death ;
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious ¹ wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment ² warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire, ³
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

HYMN TO GOD'S POWER.

HAIL! Power Divine, who by thy sole command,
From the dark empty space,
Made the broad sea and solid land
Smile with a heavenly grace;—

Made the high mountain and firm rock,
Where bleating cattle stray ;
And the strong, stately, spreading oak
That intercepts the day.

The rolling planets thou madest move,
By thy effective will ;
And the revolving globes above,
Their destined course fulfill.

¹ bustlingly anxious to serve.² clothing.³ father.

His mighty power, ye thunders, praise,
As through the heavens you roll ;
And his great name, ye lightnings, blaze
Unto the distant pole.

Ye seas, in your eternal roar,
His sacred praise proclaim ;
While the inactive sluggish shore
Reaches to the same.

Ye howling winds, howl out his praise,
And make the forests bow ;
While through the air, the earth, the seas,
His solemn praise ye blow.

O you high harmonious spheres,
Your powerful mover sing ;
To him your circling course that steers,
Your tuneful praises bring.

Ungrateful mortals, catch the sound,
And in your numerous lays,
To all the listening world around,
The God of nature praise.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER was born in 1731. He was the son of a clergyman, and belonged to an aristocratic family.

The death of his mother when he was only six years old impressed him sadly, and he mourned her all his life. After her death he was sent to school, where, at the age of fourteen, he began to "dabble in rhyme."

He studied law, with little success, writing while a student several popular ballads and a long translation from the French.

While Cowper was still a young man his father died, leaving only a small estate. His friends secured for him a desirable position under the government, but he was so fearful of not being qualified for the office that he fell into despondency and lost his reason. A short confinement restored him, but he was unfitted for business life. He was evidently inclined to melancholy from childhood; several times during his life insanity assailed him, and his last six years were shrouded in pitiful gloom. When he recovered from his first attack, he retired to the country, becoming an inmate of the family of the Unwins, where he won the lifelong friendship and tender care of Mrs. Unwin. Here he cultivated his literary tastes.

The grace and originality of his compositions brought him reputation, and what he had first taken up as a pastime, he pursued as a profession. He published a volume of poems, "Table Talk, Conversation," etc. Lady Austin, whom he met about this time, and other friends, urged him to try his pen on brighter themes. The story of "John Gilpin" was told him, and the next morning he brought his famous ballad to his friend. She gave him "The Sofa" as a theme, and he began the composition of "The Task," which ran into many thousand pleasing, graceful lines. The success of the new volume was instant and decided. The public recognized in it the true voice of poetry and nature. "The best didactic poems," said Southey, "when compared with 'The

Task,' are like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery." The publication of "The Task" evidently had a great effect on the literary tastes of the time.

Cowper was a delightful conversationalist and letter writer, and he had several very charming women friends who encouraged him in writing. He was at times full of humor, and so we have from the same hand, humorous poems, such as "John Gilpin's Ride," and religious hymns. The celebrated hymn given in this book has a peculiar interest because it was written just before an attack of insanity.

Cowper did not begin to publish until after his fiftieth year, and he died at the age of sixty-nine. In these nineteen years he wrote a great deal of poetry, including some poems which have a firm hold on the hearts of all English-speaking people.

RURAL SOUNDS.

(From The Task, Book I.)

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood,
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighboring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,

But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night ; nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-fingered Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me,
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

THE DIVERTING RIDE OF JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen of credit and renown ;
A train-band captain eke was he of famous London town.
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, " Though wedded we
have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we no holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding day, and we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise and pair.
My sister and my sister's child, myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride on horseback after me."

He soon replied, " I do admire of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear, therefore it shall be
done.

I am a linen draper bold, as all the world doth know ;
And my good friend the calender will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, " That's well said ; and, for that wine is
dear,

We will be furnished with our own, which is both bright and
clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ; o'erjoyed was he to
find

That, though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought, but yet was not
allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all should say that she was
proud.
So three doors off the chaise was stayed, where they did all
get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog to dash through thick and
thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels; were never
folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath, as if Cheapside were mad.
John Gilpin at his horse's side seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride, but soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he, his journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw three customers come
in.
So down he came; for loss of time, although it grieved him
sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, would trouble him much
more.

'Twas long before the customers were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs, "The wine is left
behind!"
"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring it me, my leathern belt
likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword when I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!) had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved, and keep it safe and sound.
Each bottle had a curling ear, through which the belt he
drew,
And hung a bottle on each side, to make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat, he manfully did
throw.

Now see him mounted once again upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones with caution and good
heed.

But finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot, which galled him in his seat.
So, "Fair and softly," John he cried, but John he cried in
vain;

The trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must, who cannot sit up-
right,

He grasped the mane with both his hands, and eke with all
his might.

His horse, which never in that sort had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught; away went hat and wig;
He little dreamed when he set out of running such a rig.
The wind did blow, the cloak did fly like streamer long and
gay,

Till, loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern the bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side, as hath been said or sung.
The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the win-
dows all,

And every soul cried out, "Well done!" as loud as he could
bawl.

Away went Gilpin, who but he! his fame soon spread around;
“He carries weight! He rides a race! ’Tis for a thousand
pound!”

And still, as fast as he drew near, ’twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men their gates wide open
threw.

And now, as he went bowing down his reeking head full low,
The bottles twain, behind his back, were shattered at a blow.
Down ran the wine into the road, most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse’s flanks to smoke as they had basted
been.

But still he seemed to carry weight, with leathern girdle
braced,
For all might see the bottle necks still dangling at his waist.
Thus all through merry Islington these gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about on both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop, or a wild goose at play.
At Edmonton his loving wife from the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here’s the house!” they all at
once did cry;

“The dinner waits, and we are tired!” Said Gilpin, “So
am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house, full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew, shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to the middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath, and sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's his horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see his neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, and thus accosted him:
“What news? what news? your tidings tell; tell me you
must and shall;
Say why bareheaded you are come, or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, and loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender in merry guise he spoke:
“I came because your horse would come: and, if I well fore-
bode,
My hat and wig will soon be here, they are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find his friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word, but to the house went in;
Whence straight he came with hat and wig—a wig that flowed
behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear, each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn thus showed his ready
wit,—
“My head is twice as big as yours; they therefore needs must
fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away that hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding day, and all the world would
stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton and I should dine at Ware.”
So, turning, to his horse he said, “I am in haste to dine:
’Twas for your pleasure you came here, you shall go back for
mine!”

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast! for which he paid full
dear;

For, while he spoke, a braying ass did sing most loud and
clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might, as he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than the first; for why?—they were too
big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw her husband posting down
Into the country far away, she pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said, that drove them to the
Bell,

“This shall be yours, when you bring back my husband safe
and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back
amain,

Whom in a trice he tried to stop, by catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant, and gladly would have
done,

The frightened steed he frightened more, and made him
faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away went postboy at his heels;

The postboy's horse right glad to miss the lumbering of the
wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road thus seeing Gilpin fly,

With postboy scampering in the rear, they raised the hue and
cry:

“Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!”—not one of them
was mute,

And all and each that passed that way did join in the pur-
suit.

And now the turnpike gates flew open in short space,
The tollmen thinking as before that Gilpin rode a race.
And so he did, and won it too, for he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up he did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king," and Gilpin, long live
he,

And when he next doth ride abroad may I be there to see.

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